

The crops were not always large enough to supply everybody. There was nothing to do but call on the chemist. Of course, everything that honest men could do had already been done. The "good Rhine wine" had been watered and vinified; the California wines had been imported, mixed, and vinefied. But, still it was impossible to make enough of "light wine." A doctor with the pleasing name of Gall came to the rescue. Now, when the grape has been harvested, the most of the meanest, poorest grapes along the river is gathered into great vats. A soapy-looking substance, manufactured from potatoes, is mixed with the must, and the pump is turned on. Water is not added absolutely *ad lib.*, but it is added in amount sufficient to assure much more than the normal quantity of wine.

Compared with the ordinary brandy or whiskey of commerce, the first "brew" of Dr. Gall's Rhine wine may be commended, on account of its "lightness." But when we get down to wash No. 4 or No. 5, would they not be a little to "light," unless vinified and odorized? And whether or not, would you recommend their use as a cure for intemperance? True, they could send us more pure wine from Germany. The Grape is there. This new process of wine-making has diminished the demand for the grape. Oh! the perversity of man! Our fathers were right in their day. They knew good wine and recognized the comparative sobriety of wine-drinking as compared with whiskey-drinking people. But our fathers would not father the trash that is offered to us.

Let us hand down a proverb to our children: "Set a chemist to catch a chemist!" If science has bargained to undo us for pay, we must buy science to save us. There is really no other way.

How about the "light wines" of Spain and Italy? None are brought

here. Those that are imported are "fortified," "vinified," and compounded out of all semblance to wine. In the march of civilization the chemist keeps a little ahead of the school-teacher.

The utilitarian scientific school has been busy eliminating God from the list of reasonable conceptions. The practical benefits derived, or to be derived, from the efforts of the school in this direction are not immediately apparent. If all the shoemakers stuck to their lasts, possibly we would be more indebted to shoemakers. Will not the "Knights of Chemistry" aid us by an "international" combination, organized to eliminate bad alcohols, bad liquors, bad cordials and bad wines from consumers? The good to be affected is immeasurably greater than all that can be hoped for from "museums of art" or of "natural history," "manual training," or the American flag on the school-house roof.

To come back to our opening dithyramb, does the toper of the period still desire to "drink it down?" Shall we, quite out of time, recklessly sing the now senseless song of our fathers? If we can compose no sweeter air or construct no more grateful rhythm, may we not at least accommodate ourselves to the facts! This is essentially the time for facts, solid facts—liquid facts—as we know. A real scientific version of our song should run thus:

"Here's to the bad new brandy punch!" "Here's to the vile new whiskey punch!" Here's to the doctored claret punch!" "Here's to the epileptic Bourbon whiskey!" "Here's to Gall's 'light' potato-wine!" "Drink it down!" No, no, that won't do now! "Throw it out! Throw it out!" Certainly that is more sensible. In time you will find the version less strange. Truth grows on us. And the new song will be quite as exhilarating and vastly more hygienic than the old one.

*The Monthly Visitor.*